

**The**  
**Saint**  
**Andrew's**  
**College**  
**Review**

**M**idsummer  
1909





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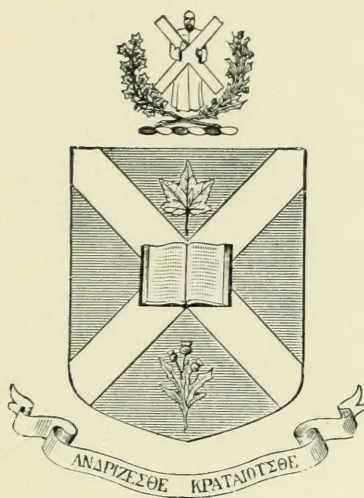
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# The St. Andrew's College Review



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MIDSUMMER 1909.

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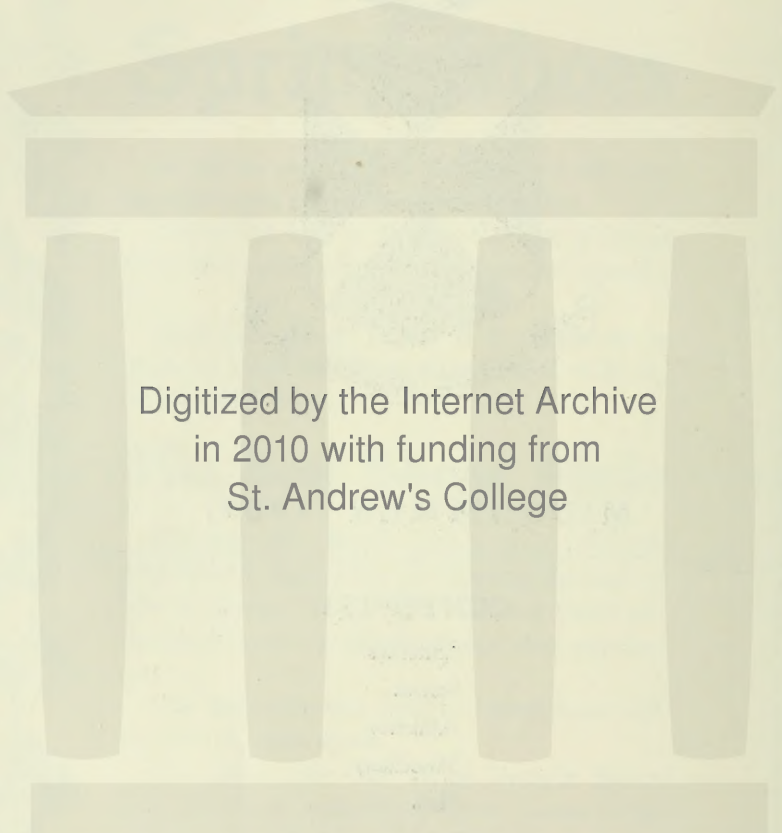
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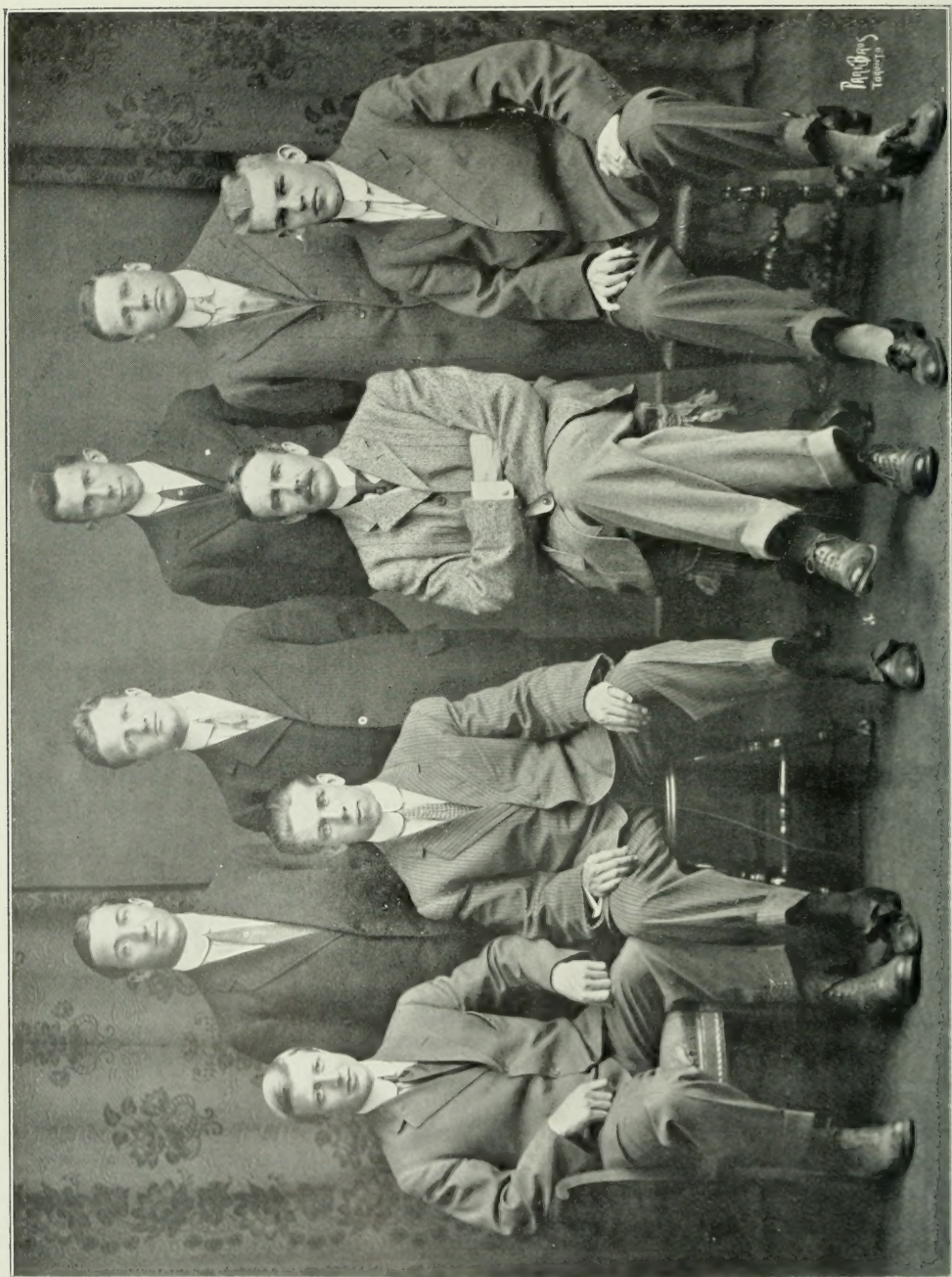
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EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



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REVIEW STAFF, 1908-09.



# St. Andrew's College Review

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CAMERON WILSON, B.A.

EDITORS: DAVIDSON I., MUNRO I., BOLLARD, FOSTER.

BUSINESS MANAGER: CROWE I. ASSISTANT MANAGERS: PAISLEY, BEATY I.

EXCHANGE EDITOR: BURK.

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MIDSUMMER, 1909

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## *Editorials.*

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ANOTHER school year has drawn to a successful close and once more we are confronted with that same sad thought of parting and of a separation more or less final. It has been a year much like others that have gone before it—the same duties and pleasures, the same interests, and the same measure of success and failure. The school has been singularly free from disaster of any kind. Little sickness, and that of a mild order, has claimed the usual quota of patients, and accidents have been few. Athletic records can be read with pride, and, altogether, there is every reason for feelings of gratitude and pleasure. The following extracts seem appropriate to the thought of parting and especially to those who are leaving their schooldays to assume the responsibilities of business life.

### L'ENVOI.

We stand for the last time together,  
Hand to hand, face to face, heart to heart;  
A day may divide us forever,  
We'll sing one more song ere we part.  
As friends, when the banquet is ending,  
Stand closer to give one last cheer,  
So to-night let our voices, all blending,  
Ring out our last song, loud and clear.

Not a bright flower-garland is faded,  
 Every wine-cup with roses is drest :  
 Not a face at the banquet is jaded,  
 The last of the feast is the best.  
 Yet a shade falls across all the brightness  
 From the wings of the hours flying past,  
 Every heart feels a weight on its lightness,  
 The thought that the best is the last.

Each rose is a vanishing pleasure,  
 Which memory plucks to enfold  
 In her many-leaved book as a treasure  
 More precious than jewels or gold.  
 Long after its color has perished,  
 Long after its freshness has flown,  
 The rose for its fragrance is cherished,  
 To tell of the days that are gone.

Here's a health to the hours departed,—  
 Farewell to our glad college years!  
 Here's a health to the future,—light hearted,  
 We greet it with hope, not with fears.  
 One more,—'tis the last ere we sever,  
 Each voice in the chorus rings free ;  
 Our college! we'll love her forever,—  
 Here's a health, Alma Mater, to thee.

—*Henry VanDyke.*

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### **BE LOYAL TO THE MAN WHO EMPLOYS YOU**

If you work for a man, in Heaven's name work for him.  
 If he pays you wages that supply your bread and butter, work  
 for him; speak well of him; stand by him and stand by the  
 institution he represents.

If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of  
 cleverness.

If you must vilify, condemn and eternally disparage, why resign  
 your position, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's  
 content.



But as long as you are part of the institution, do not condemn it.

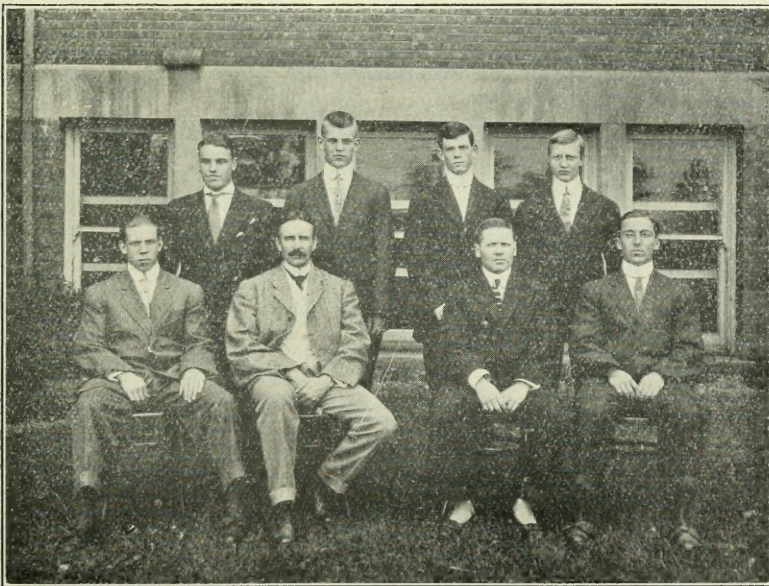
If you do, you are loosening the tendrils that hold you to the institution, and the first high wind that comes along, you will be uprooted and blown away in the blizzard's track, and probably you will never know why.

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The skit-editor wishes to thank the boys for their generosity in contributing to the skit column. Last year's midsummer number had in it one hundred and nine skits.

A half an hour a term is a great deal to give up, and that the boys have sacrificed much of their spare time in order to help the REVIEW is shown by the fact that there are no fewer than thirty-eight skits, not counting those cribbed from the exchanges, in this issue. Most of these skits were handed in by three boys. Thank you, fellows! You have helped the staff out wonderfully, and you may be sure that they appreciate your efforts.

H. D. D.




PREFECTS, 1908-09.

## *Contributed Articles.*

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### *A DAY AT POMPEII AND VESUVIUS*

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NE of the most interesting excursions we took when in Naples was the trip to Pompeii. Leaving Naples early one morning we arrived at New Pompeii, after an hour's ride by rail along the shore of the bay. "New Pompeii" is a very small town, situated at the foot of Vesuvius, and within five minutes by foot of the ruins of the old half-excavated city of the same name. From the station we went directly to the ruins in company with a guide, whom we had brought with us from Naples. We spent about three hours within the walls, rambling through the extremely interesting remains.

As one stands at the end of a street and sees before him the old crumbling houses, the upper stories of which, with one exception, have all fallen in, and nothing else, save perhaps a group of tourists crossing the street further down, one realizes, to a certain extent, the age and desolation of the place—and how justly it has been named "The Dead City."

Our guide, who knew the ruins well, showed us all the interesting things he could, in the limited time we had to devote to them. The first, and one of the most interesting things we saw, was the museum, which is to the right within the entrance. Here one can see their old cooking utensils, vases, rain spouts and carbonized articles of food, such as rolls, cakes, loaves of bread, biscuits and nuts. The best kept specimens of the latter are in Naples. In glass cases are preserved a few casts of human corpses, also the body of a dog, which are in the same positions as when excavated. Among other objects to be seen are skeletons of horses, a very finely preserved table, and skulls of men and animals. We then walked along the main street which was paved with huge blocks of lava and stone, to the Forum, which is almost in the center of the city. Here the remains of marble columns, a few of which still bear inscriptions, may be seen. To one side of the open space stands the remains of the Temple of Jupiter, from the top of which a splendid view of Pompeii can be obtained. From there we went to the House of the



Vetti, which is considered to be the finest preserved house in the city. It is a short distance in from the street, as all the houses which belonged to the wealthier families were, the entrance being between two walls very close together. In the front of this house can still be seen the wonderfully well kept remains of a marble fountain, with small statuettes.

The dining room, reception room, bedrooms and bathroom are all in first-class condition, as are the beautiful paintings on the stucco walls. The original roof and second ceiling have fallen in, being restored later. Otherwise, the house could be lived in to-day, the only drawback being that it would be a trifle small.

The amphitheater is also very well worth seeing. It is the largest building in Pompeii, and was built in the year 70 B.C., having three series of seats, and being capable of accommodating twenty thousand people. It is fairly well preserved, though not as well as the smaller theater, which was built on the same style and at the same time, the only difference between the two being that the smaller was roofed in.

The streets of Pompeii are all numbered for the convenience of tourists, Roman numbers being used. They are nearly all narrow, being paved with large blocks of lava and stone. The ruts in the pavement caused by the heavy waggons used in that day may still be plainly seen in places.

There are many other things we did see, and lots of things we did not see, but everything there has a history of its own, and is full of interest for anyone who wishes to go deeply into it. They say if one desires to know Pompeii, one must visit it five or six times, and I quite agree with them.

On leaving I turned and took a last look at the old city, at the same time trying to realize that it existed earlier than 310 B.C.

Our stay in Naples was short—so short in fact that we had not time to take in more than one half of the principal points of interest. Among the excursions we did take in and about Naples was the ascent of Mount Vesuvius, which impressed us more than any other, even the ruins of Pompeii. We had been looking forward to the ascent for a long time and accordingly, after partaking of a hurried lunch, left Pompeii in a carriage in company with the guide, for Torre Anunziata, which is an hour's drive. Arrived there we changed horses and then proceeded to Casa Bianca, a little village situated half way up the mountain. It was a very hard drive of two and a half hours in duration, through deep mud here, and thick,

black sand there, and more than once we were obliged to get out where the way was steeper than usual. The scenery one sees when taking this drive is very impressive, and sometimes almost weird. Several times we saw the ruins of houses, destroyed by the eruption of 1906, while all about one young trees are growing again. Huge blocks of lava—some as large as a fair sized house and resembling coke in appearance are to be seen almost everywhere. In places the road is cut through these great masses, so that when going through one of these cuts nothing but lava can be seen on either side.

On arrival in Casa Bianca we were met by horses which were intended to take us up to the crater, a journey of nearly an hour. I, who had never ridden a horse before, did not much like the idea of going up almost perpendicularly on the back of one of these fiery-looking steeds, but was soon put at rest as twenty or thirty boys suddenly appeared from nowhere in particular, all wanting to run beside me and hold the horse.

After a lot of squabbling I picked out a boy and started, the others doing the same, the boys holding on to the horses' tails and administering severe jabs to the poor beasts every two or three minutes, with a murderous looking implement which had a very sharp point. At every jab the horse would plunge forward and almost unseat me, and this he kept up till I was desperate. The aggravating part of it was that I only knew one word of Italian—(thank you), and that the boy only knew two short English phrases, namely:—"I like-a-de-money," and "I like-a-de-wine"—the both of which I did not doubt. On his resuming the jabbing I turned round in the saddle and said my one and only word. It was a big mistake. He, of course, took it the wrong way and jabbed harder than before. The horse, which was by this time in the same frame of mind as I, resented it, and both hind legs shot out, but the boy, who was evidently used to little things like that, was on the watch, and calmly stepped to one side, thereby evading the gentle reminders which he otherwise would have got—much to my disappointment. But my steed finding himself fooled in that direction thought he would try his luck in the other, and met with better success. I fortunately came down on my feet, but wasted about ten minutes trying to mount him again. In the meantime our guide who was behind us came up. He looked as if he could swear, so I told him to say some naughty words to the boy, which he did, and I am glad to say they had the desired effect.



From there to the place where we dismounted all went well, save at the places where it was so steep that the horse had almost to hang on with its teeth. A high wind made the narrow path more difficult of ascent. On all sides could be seen deep fissures from which steam issued, and on one occasion we dismounted and put our hands in one of the clefts.

We did not keep them there long, however, as it was extremely hot. To show how hot it was one of the boys attached a piece of paper to the end of his "jabber" and put it in the crack. In less than twenty seconds he withdrew it, the paper ablaze. We kept climbing upwards for half an hour or so more, and suddenly came upon a hut standing by itself on a massive piece of lava. Here we were met by a government guide who informed us that we were to leave the horses there, and that he was going to guide us up to the crater, which he said was twenty minutes from the hut. Here was also two Spanish people who had arrived before us. We thanked the guide sincerely and told him we had brought our own guide with us, but he replied that we could not go without him as he was a "government official" and had orders to accompany everyone who went up. At the same time he gently hinted to us that he was very thirsty, and asked us if we would treat him to a bottle of wine. At the mention of the word "wine" the three "horse-jabbers" commenced flapping their ears and smacking their lips. Before we had even consented he was inside the hut and out again with two huge bottles. I do not know from where he produced them, as I should have thought it was the last place in the world where one could procure wine—that lonely little house perched almost on the top of Vesuvius. But anyway he did produce it much to our surprise, and I may also say dismay, as it was anything but cheap. But in the meantime new arrivals were appearing on the scene, for six huge rascally looking men (I had noticed them in the distance toiling painfully upwards and wondered what on earth they were trying to do) came breathlessly towards us, took off their hats, informed us that they had walked all the way up, so that they might have the honor of carrying us up to the crater, and finally, that they, too, were very thirsty.

The "government official" accordingly vanished once more within the recesses of the hut, and re-appeared with half a dozen bottles, which the newcomers soon quaffed off. They tried their

best to get us to indulge (for reasons of their own no doubt), and seemed very much perplexed when we refused.

After they had finished their wine and a lot of talk on their part, we started up toward the crater, my brother and myself on foot—we having refused their offers to carry us. They followed us however, and as it was exceedingly hard walking (we sank up to our knees in sand), we finally and foolishly gave way to them. The two Spaniards who had let themselves be carried from the beginning were now ahead of us, and seemed to be making good headway, which fact, I think, had a lot to do with our consenting. The way they did it was very simple. They put their left hands on each others shoulders, the person sitting in the middle with his hands on their heads, thus equally dividing his weight.

We plodded on for nearly twenty minutes before they let us down, and said in broken English that the crater was five minutes from where we stood. I was about to say "that's good," but the words failed to come when I saw one of the men pull out two bottles of wine, one from each pocket of his coat, and look fiercely first at me and then at my brother. We did not say yes or no, but it was the same to them, for they opened and finished them in a second or two. After this second refreshment the "government official" took the lead, the Spaniards whom we had overtaken, coming next, and my brother and myself last. We continued ascending though the climb was not as hard as before, until we came to level ground, where, almost at our feet, yawned the enormous crater.

Unfortunately we could not see down any great depth, on account of the mass of steam which was pouring out and evaporated almost immediately. However, we got a good idea of the huge dimensions of it, which quite surpassed all my expectations. The view from the top baffles all description. The sky was unluckily clouded at the time of our ascent, and on a bright sunny day it would, of course, be more magnificent, but clouded as it was, the panorama unfolded before us was very grand. Almost at our feet lay the Bay of Naples, while farther southward the beautiful island of Capri could be distinctly seen, as also Sorrento. To the west lay Naples, and to the north and east the surrounding hills and country dotted with picturesque little cottages. We remained on the top for ten or fifteen minutes, and probably would have stayed longer, had not some stones broken loose, and with a terrific rumbling noise fallen into the crater. The "government official" shook his head in



a business-like way at this, and wanted a drink on the strength of it, whereat another of the carriers produced three bottles, which were soon emptied and thrown down the side of the mountain. They then picked us up and we started on the downward trail. We enjoyed the wonderful panorama of the bay and island, which was seen to the best advantage on the descent from the crater to the place where we left the horses. All went well till we reached our awaiting mounts. There we met a man who had arrived during our absence, and who said he was the "boss"—and wanted the money for the wine which we gave the men—also the price for our "carriage" up and down.

This wine, called "The Tears of Christ," is a very fine quality, and only grown on the lower slopes of Vesuvius—but I very much doubt if it was worth the exorbitant price he charged. On our refusal to pay the asked-for amount, there arose a heated argument. It ended in our paying, however, and mounting our horses we started off, glad to get away from the "government official" and his colleagues, the Spanish tourists who had been handing money out right and left coming with us.

The return journey from there to Casa Bianca was without adventures, even the "jabbers" remaining quiet. At Casa Bianca we joyfully said good-bye to our mounts, and after a severe wrangle with our friends the "jabbers" over financial matters, got in the carriage and drove away down the road toward Torre Anunziata. We reached that place without mishap, and after the usual dispute dismissed the driver. We had the luck to miss the train for Naples, which we had intended to get here, by exactly two minutes—and were obliged to wait two hours for the next. It came at last—a long train of about ten cars, two only of which were for the public, the other eight being full of the unfortunate victims from Reggio and Messina. However, we reached Naples late at night, none the worse for our day's experience. At Torre Anunziata we bid the Spaniards farewell—they had followed us in another carriage to the station and were going in another direction.

They said that if ever they went up Vesuvius again, they would patronize Cook's railway, which is on the other side of the mountain, and I think we would do the same—for although we enjoyed the experience to the full, it proved to be more costly than we had bargained for.

E. GRANT.

### THE GODDESS OF EGYPT

---

✚ WAS always athirst for adventures, and especially those in which a pretty woman played the chief role.

It was in search of adventure that I had wandered to South America. For the same reason I had gone to Wurtzelburg, and there I had had one which nearly terminated my career.

But that had left me more restless than ever, so in the end I found myself, one sweltering evening, lolling in a big easy chair on the verandah of the principal hotel of the city of Morocco, a fat cigar in my mouth and the latest magazines beside me.

Just when the sun had begun to sink and the sultry air to grow delightfully cool a closed carriage drove rapidly up to the entrance, a lady alighted and began to mount the steps.

At first sight of her I opened my eyes. She was without doubt the most beautiful woman I had ever seen—more beautiful even than the grand Duchess of Wurtzelburg, whom I had by no means yet forgotten.

She carried her tall, slim figure with such an easy grace that it made her simply irresistible.

As she passed my table I gave her a glance which, I hope, showed the admiration I felt. She started slightly, gazed keenly at me and then hurried inside, followed by two black servants.

I finished my cigar and rose to take a stroll. I now began to realize that something was wrong. I could not get this woman out of my mind. She was from Egypt I concluded, and instinct seemed to warn me that something was going to happen. I retired to a secluded corner of the verandah and ordered cigars and coffee.

It had already grown dark and the guests had begun to retire. I felt very muddled and drowsy. The soft eyes of the Egyptian seemed to smile at me from everywhere. I must have fallen asleep, and awoke with a start—what was that! A soft hand was on my shoulder. Opening my eyes I beheld my Egyptian beauty sitting at the table beside me. I jumped up, but like a flash she caught me, and pulled me back to my seat.

“Sh!” she whispered, “I want to have a talk with you.” She glanced fearfully around.

The verandah was wholly deserted. Only a few people remained in the rotunda. It must be hours after midnight. I now turned



my attention to the woman beside me. She was pale and very nervous, and kept looking about, as if afraid that someone would catch us together.

"You are M. le Captain Dieppe, n'est ce pas?"

I nodded.

"Ah! I have heard of you. You are always aiding ladies in distress, are you not?"

"Madame," I answered, "if I can be of the slightest assistance to you, pray tell me how. I will go to the ends of the earth to serve you."

She laughed. "Ah! but I cannot talk here. Come with me—no, wait in your room till my servant comes to you."

She rose quickly; gave me her hand for an instant and disappeared.

I ran up to my room, woke my man, gave him instructions to load my revolvers and have everything ready for my departure at a moment's notice, and settled down to wait. I was wide awake by now and in high spirits. This looked like an adventure, and with the most charming type of heroine.

By and by came a muffled knock at the door and madame's negro entered. He signed to me to follow him and started off immediately. Down the corridors, across the rotunda, down the steps and through street after street we hurried till I began to grow suspicious.

"I beg to remind you of the fact that I have a revolver," I finally told him. "And if you try any monkey-work I'll carve my initials on your kinky head."

His only answer was to turn and grin, then move on as before. At last he drew up before a tiny gate in the side of a stone wall, unlocked it and motioned me to enter. He lead me through passage after passage of an evidently empty house, till eventually we stood before a curtained door. The man rapped twice, then glided away. A very welcome voice bade me enter, and turning a handle I stepped into a room luxuriously furnished in oriental fashion. At first I could not see madame, but there she was at a table at one end of the chamber smiling at me. She waved me to a chair opposite her, and without any parleying began.

"Do you know, Monsieur, I believe I like you. I've seen you before, and you're just the one I'm bound I'll have help me. Perhaps you know me. I am the Princess of Deryabar."

I stared at her in amazement. It was clear now what I was needed for.

She was the daughter of a wealthy chief who had been killed by the English, and in revenge she had formed a brotherhood, whose object was to murder all British officials in Egypt, and when this had been done to have a complete revolution.

She was still smiling at me. Suddenly she grew serious. "We need a man exactly like you, one who knows the working plans of Egyptian affairs, and one who is brave. Come," she implored, "join our society and aid my just cause."

The audacity of the woman fairly stunned me. Did she forget that I was British. The blood fairly boiled within me. I glared about—all at once a mirror behind madame attracted my attention. Reflected in it and just behind me was an arras moving. A dark, fierce face appeared, then a man stepped into the room. Another followed. I was trapped. There was only one thing left for me to do. That was, consent to her offer and endeavor afterwards to get out of it as best I could.

The Princess was watching me intently.

"Yes," I answered quietly. The effect was instantaneous. She seized both my hands, and leaning over kissed them with much show of feeling. Her eyes sparkled. She had other reasons for wishing me to join the conspiracy.

The two men now came forward and shook my hand. The whole band was summoned and we began to celebrate the occasion. Wine flowed freely. A man next me rose to propose the toast, "Death to the English." As he raised the glass I knocked it out of his hand, then dashing into the doorway covered the company with my revolvers. There were six altogether. No one moved, each seemed to think I had him covered personally. There was a glint. One had drawn, but I shot him through the head before he could fire. This was my chance. I fired point blank at the company, then turned and fled. I could never find my way out of this. I could hear oaths from the room I had left, and the sound of men rushing about. Suddenly I found myself in the room where I had talked with madame. I dashed behind the arras and waited. The shouting drew nearer. This was my end at last. A dress rustled close by. A hand was drawn across the curtain over my face, then the rustle left the room. "In the other wing of the house, quick," shouted madame's voice. The noise of the pursuers died away. The curtain



was jerked away, and, taking my hand, madame drew me along passage after passage till we stood at last at the little gateway in the wall.

"Quick," she breathed, "get away as fast as you can."

She extended her hands.

"Madame," I said, "I cannot attempt to thank you. Listen. As soon as possible I shall report this affair to the officials. It is my duty, but I will give no names. Here is an offer to you. I love you. Give up this hopeless idea of revenge and come with me."

All the emotions passed across her pale face. Then the old smile broke out. She held out her arms to me. Suddenly the darkness disappeared and the red sun broke out in all his glory. I had won the Goddess of Egypt.

HIGGINBOTHAM.

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### THE "CARDIFF CASTLE"

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IN the first place, both vessels were owned by American firms, one of Portland, the other of Boston. Both were tramps of the better class, fairly equal in regard to tonnage and speed, owned by reputable firms and captained by men whose names, though never connected with ocean greyhounds and records, were known on both sides of the Atlantic to stand for honesty and capability.

Anybody in any way connected with ships or railroads will tell you of the curious freight famine of '87, when whole lines of steamships were tied up, and idle vessels crowded every harbor in Europe and America. Perhaps he will tell you, too, of the agents which many firms sent out to scour the globe in search of cargoes, and of how these cargoes were fought and wrestled for. Even if you never have heard of it, that makes no difference in the object of this story, which is to tell you as shortly as possible of the fate of two ocean tramps, which, for convenience sake, we will call the "Bonavista" of the Red Line and the "Cardiff Castle" of the Blue.

On September 9th, 1887, both vessels were lying at their respective piers at Brooklyn, not a cable's length apart. The crew of the "Cardiff Castle" were employed in coaling from a barge alongside, and in speculating on the probability of getting a cargo before their rival, the "Bonavista," which they could see lying about three hundred yards farther up the river under a small head of steam.

Some time previous a certain European firm had declared itself open to tenders for two assorted cargoes, one large, the other small, from Bremen to New Orleans, vessels to clear not later than October 14th. The European agents of the Red and Blue lines crossed the channel on the same boat, travelled north on the same train and entered the office of the firm together. As this certain firm had patronized both lines for many years and would be inconvenienced by a breach with either the result was a deadlock, till the agent of the Blue line, an old timer, suggested the very simple expedient of letting the first boat across take the larger cargo and the other the smaller. This was agreed upon and a formal contract drawn up and signed.

Within eight hours the head offices of the Red and Blue lines at Portland and Boston respectively, each received a cable, and within another two hours the "Cardiff Castle" and the "Bonavista" hummed with preparation.

The "Bonavista" cleared first, owing to the "Cardiff Castle" having to finish coaling. Proceeding down the river at her top speed she rammed an incoming barkentine off the Battery, and an hour and a half later, as her skipper put off for the shore in his dinghy to give his version of the mishap to the powers that be, he had the pleasure of seeing the "Cardiff Castle" clearing from her moorings with the aid of an unusually noisy tug.

For two days the "Cardiff Castle" ran north under smiling skies, then on the evening of the third she butted her nose into a "sou-wester," accompanied by a drifting mist, that made her skipper look anxious and her crew swear. All night she ran on, then just before dawn an unusually heavy sea broke astern, came aboard and slipped away into the darkness, taking with it the after deckhouse, two boats, four men and the second mate. Within two minutes she was heading straight into the wind, riding it out, with all accompaniments.

But to return to the "Bonavista." Clearing on the morning of the 20th, she followed north in the track of the "Cardiff Castle," experienced the same weather, caught the tail end of the same gale, and by the end of the third day she, too, was racing before the sea, her skipper pushing her for every pound of steam in her boiler. Just before dark she spoke a Norwegian bark lying to under a double-reefed trysail and constantly plunging her whole hull out of sight, which reported having sighted a large freighter about four hours previous, outward bound and running at her top speed.



At this news the skipper of the "Bonavista" cast discretion to the winds, and all through the night his vessel roared on without once lessening her speed, racing on the huge seas, remaining poised for a moment on their crests, her screws racing wildly, then toiling up the succeeding slope, but holding steadily to her course. Towards morning the wind veered a couple of points to the eastward and increased in violence. Great grey seas rolled out of the darkness astern, raised their milky crests above the fleeing tramp, then slipped harmlessly past, seeming to laugh at her straining hull and pounding engines.

On she went, then suddenly, dead ahead, a wildly swinging lantern tossed into view, and below it twinkled the port and starboard lights of a steamer, barely discernible in the gloom. The "Bonavista's" wheel twirled madly, and in response she listed sharply to port, her siren wailing a frenzied warning, then a breaking sea hit her bow throwing it back to starboard, and again gathering speed she seemed to literally fling herself upon the wallowing "Cardiff Castle," ramming her bow in.

Hastily boats from both vessels were made ready and provisioned, then launched in the lee of the grinding monsters, the different crews working desperately to escape the vortex which they knew would be created by the sinking vessels.

The "Bonavista" had rammed the "Cardiff Castle" on her starboard bow, the two vessels remaining locked together, but now she tore herself free and staggered drunkenly to starboard. Up the slope of a wave she climbed, poised for a moment on the top, then slid quickly down its slope, down and under to her last resting place.

Meanwhile the "Cardiff Castle" had quickly filled, and to the watching men in the boats it seemed as if every moment would be her last. Lower and lower she settled, then suddenly her bow tossed skywards in a wide arc, and with the roar of escaping steam as a dirge she, too, sank below the waves.

BELL II.

**ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE IN 2,000 A.D.**

---

**M**Y friend Blank and myself awoke to hear a loud screech, like that of the whistle of an express train at full speed. Blank, of course, is not my friend's real name, but it will do for this story. We awoke to find ourselves at the bottom of a deep ravine. Alongside of us were a few rusty rails and some rotten ties, showing that a railroad had at one time been there. Above us was a huge steel bridge, over which the express train, which had wakened us, was thundering.

We got up slowly and looked about us. "Surely," said I, "this is not the first ravine east of old St. Andrew's College where we spent part of our school boy days?"

"You are not mistaken," said Blank, "for, if my eyes do not deceive me, there are the remains of the old belt line, and that bridge above us looks like the old C.P.R. bridge."

But all was changed, the bridge above us was greatly altered and was painted a brilliant red, all that remained of the belt line was a few rusty rails and some rotten ties.

"Let us climb the bank," I suggested, "and see if the old College is still in the same place." Blank was agreeable, so we started the climb.

I felt as if I had just wakened from a sleep of many years, and, on asking Blank, I discovered he was feeling the same way.

Soon we reached the top and were surprised to see, instead of the old steel rails, three polished brass rails, on steel beams. On each side of this peculiar line were high white fences, and in front of us I suddenly saw a white sign, reading,—

DANGER!!!

KEEP AWAY FROM THE RAILS

500,000 VOLTS!

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "this is the old railroad after all. It has been electrified, and these queer brass rods are the new style rails." Just as I spoke we were startled by the screech of a compressed air whistle, and another train came around the curve and towards us at lightning speed.

It was a most peculiar train. The locomotive seemed to be in



the form of an inverted boat, with a small conning tower in the centre. The cars seemed to be boat shaped also. But it passed at such lightning speed that we were not able to make out for sure.

It had barely passed when a man with a red flag in his hand rushed towards us. He was dressed in the most peculiar garments I have ever seen. He wore short knee breeches, tied with large bows at the knees, and queer light-colored stockings. His shoes, which were red, had long toes which curved upward. Over all this he wore a long black coat. But the queerest part of all was his hair. It stuck straight out from his head, and was about four inches long. He was shouting and gesticulating wildly.

He soon drew near to us, but appeared to be talking in some queer foreign language. However, we soon made out some of the words, and then discovered that it was English after all, but he used such queer constructions that it sounded like another language.

He was yelling out something that sounded like, "Track the off get."

Out of this mix-up of words we managed to make out that he wanted us to get off the track, so we moved off.

We then noticed that he was staring at us with bulging eyes. We evidently were not dressed in the style of the day. Suddenly he snickered and said, "clothes funny what," and turned around and walked away. Evidently he was a section man on this queer railroad.

"Where have we been and what has happened?" asked Blank. "Why is everything changed? Have we been sleeping for the last fifty years?"

This seemed to be the case, for, as we walked in the direction of College, all the houses we passed were changed, and everything was different from what it used to be. The few people that we met stared at us, and most of them put their hands to their faces and grinned. At last we saw a large building ahead, and made it out to be the College.

It was greatly changed, part of the old building remained, but very little. Long wings ran out right to where the old gates used to be. They were built of a peculiar yellow colored brick, and all the windows were round shaped. Behind the College was a large building, which we presently made out to be the gymnasium.

Then we walked around to the playing fields. About the fields were a lot of boys dressed in queer clothes, similar to those of the

section man. There was a large white circle marked out on the grass, and at the centre of the circle was a hole about two feet wide and one foot deep. Most of the fellows were playing about the circle. The game seemed to be to get a large leather ball, which they had, into the hole at the centre. One team guarded the hole and the other stood on the large circle and then rushed towards the hole.

Suddenly one of the players kicked the ball high in the air. It appeared to us as if it was going to fall in our direction, so we ran to one side. But, instead of getting out of the way, we got right in it. It fell directly on my head! I felt as if I was being crushed right into the earth, then there was a loud bang, and I woke up.

I found myself on the floor beside my bed. The grey dawn was streaming in the windows, and the birds were just beginning to chirp. Assuredly, thought I as I picked myself up off the floor, that was a most peculiar dream.

DOUGLAS S. SCOTT.

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### *THE PATENT MEDICINE MAN*

---

**B**ILL Jenks believed in remedies  
For nose and throat and lung disease,  
And in that wondrous, lengthy tale  
That so-and-so would never fail,  
Because of many thousand men  
It had restored to health again.  
And so his colds he would appease  
With quacks which gave him heart disease.

To all the ads he'd make replies  
And fill himself up to the eyes  
With awful mixtures, filled with dope,  
On which he placed his only hope  
Of ever getting health and strength  
To live a life of decent length.  
But still he kept on getting thin  
Until he looked but bone and skin.



For several years this state went on  
Till finally Bill got the "con."  
But still he fondly persevered  
With those things that he most revered,  
Until at last his friends all said  
That poor old Bill would soon be dead.  
And when of this they were quite sure  
Bill found a dope that seemed to cure.

At once he grew so monstrous stout  
He did not care to move about.  
Alas—he did not feel quite strong  
And, sad to say, he died ere long—  
For nature always plays her part,  
"Degeneration of the heart."  
And so we warn you, if we can,  
From him—The Patent Medicine Man.

—D. WRIGHT.



OFFICERS LITERARY SOCIETY, 1908-09.

## *Athletics.*

### PERSONNEL

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**D**OUGLAS.—The Captain of the XI, a rare good bowler, and on a difficult wicket almost unplayable. Bats fairly well at practice, but rather unlucky in matches

**FOSTER.**—An excellent field, and would make a good bat if he could hit hard and keep the ball down. A first-rate bowler, too, at times.

**SMITH III.**—One of the steadiest and most useful bats of the team, and a good bowler as well.

**WRIGHT.**—The best bat of the eleven, plays a steady game, but hits hard all round the wicket when he gets the chance. It was most unfortunate his illness coming when it did, as no doubt it lost us a couple of matches.

**FRITH I.**—A fair all-round man, but hardly reached expectations this season.

**GOODERHAM II.**—Has the making of a splendid wicket-keep, and in batting has perhaps more strokes than any other on the eleven, but somehow fails to do himself justice in matches.

**MACKENZIE.**—A consistently good player, and one of the most reliable men of the team. Fields well, and is a good change bowler.

**FERGUSON.**—The most finished batsman of the team, and will in time make an excellent cricketer, but has the knack of frequently getting his leg in front of the wicket. A splendid field.

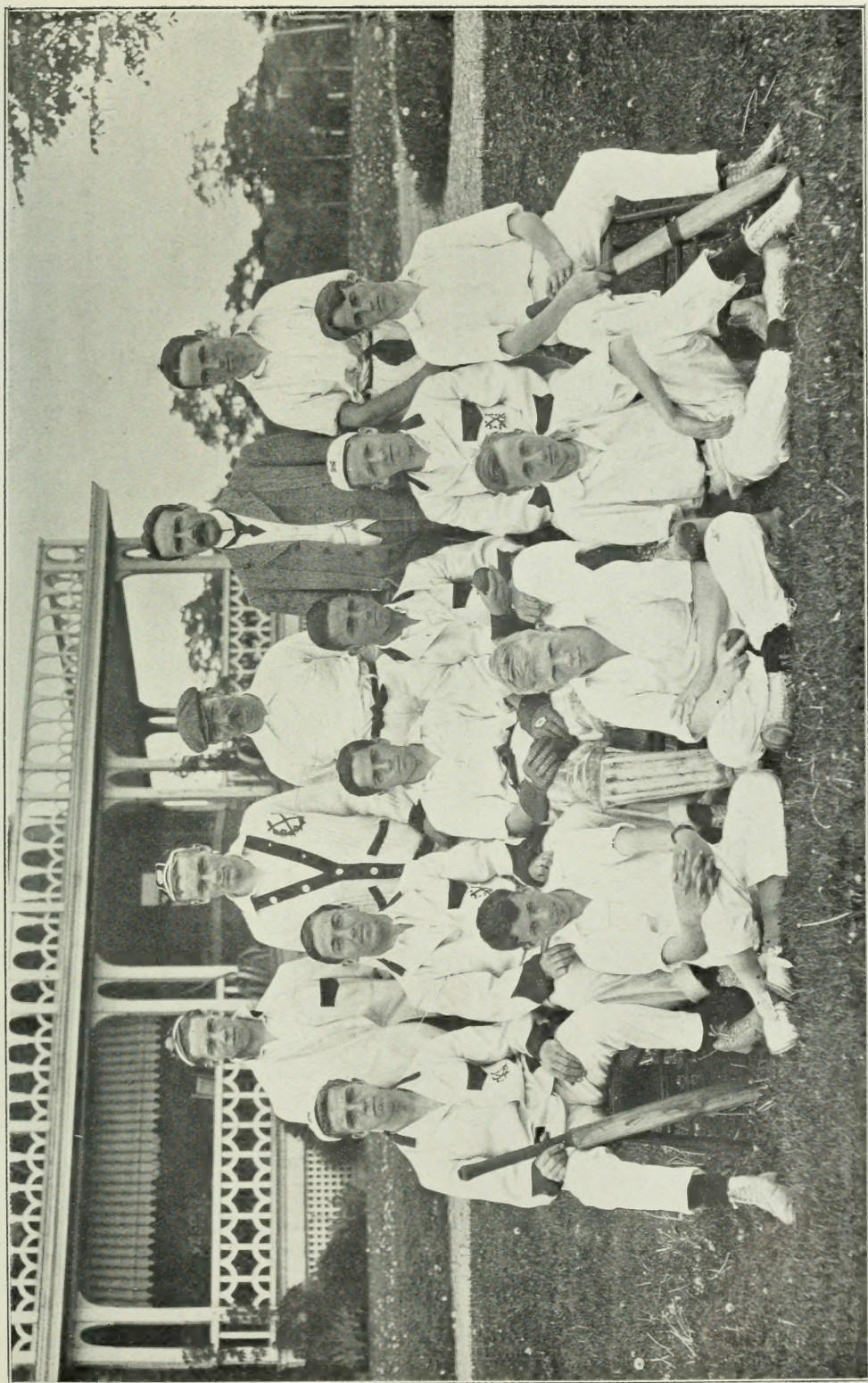
**MCPHERSON II.**—Came to the front this season by some consistent good batting and bowling.

**BEATTY.**—An excellent field and a good bat when set.

**WATEROUS.**—Has come on well during the latter part of the season in batting, but shines most in the fielding department. Is also a good change wicket-keep.

**SMITH II.**—A very neat field, and can hit hard when set, but is too much inclined to rush things at the commencement.






ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, FIRST TEAM.





**S. A. C. vs. DEER PARK C. C.**

HE first match of the season, S. A. C. vs. Deer Park, took place on the College grounds on May 8th, and was won by the visitors by 6 runs. Smith, III, Wright and Mackenzie all played a good game, and but for the last named being badly run out the result might have been different.

**S. A. C.**

Smith III., b. Huddy.....	11
Wright, b. Swan.....	12
MacKenzie, run out.....	17
Foster, c. MacKenzie, b. Marks.....	9
Douglas, c. Morphy, b. Dunbar.....	0
Ferguson, run out.....	4
Gooderham II., c. and b. Dunbar.....	0
Waterous, c. Huddy, b. Dunbar.....	0
Frith I., c. Reid, b. Marks.....	0
Bell, c. Smith, b. Dunbar.....	0
Thomson IV., not out.....	0
Byes .....	4
Leg Byes .....	3
<hr/>	
Total .....	60

**DEER PARK C. C.**

Marks, c. and b. Douglas.....	2
Stewart, c. and b. Douglas.....	5
Morphy, b. Foster.....	14
Swan, T., b. Douglas.....	0
Reid, b. Douglas.....	18
Dunbar, c. Smith, b. Foster.....	5
Swan, W., b. Foster.....	2
Huddy, b. Foster.....	14
MacKenzie, not out.....	3
Sinclair, b. Douglas.....	1
Smith, c. Waterous, b. Douglas.....	1
Byes .....	1
<hr/>	
Total .....	66

**S. A. C. vs. GRACE CHURCH C. C.**

Played on the College grounds, resulting in a win for the visitors by 18 runs. Ferguson, Gooderham II, and Frith played well.

**S. A. C.**

Smith III., b. Hopkins.....	5
Wright, c. Nutt, b. Hopkins.....	2
Douglas, c. Paris, b. Hopkins.....	3
Foster, b. Nutt.....	0
MacKenzie, b. Millward.....	9
Ferguson, b. Hughes.....	16
Gooderham II., c. Nutt, b. Millward.....	12
Thomson IV., b. Hughes.....	1
Frith I., not out.....	11
Smith II., b. Hughes.....	0
Waterous, b. Nutt.....	0
Byes .....	11
Total .....	70

**GRACE CHURCH C. C.**

Millward, b. Douglas.....	0
Paris, c. Wright, b. Douglas.....	5
Hughes, b. Douglas.....	15
Nutt, c. Frith, b. Douglas.....	5
Campbell, b. Smith.....	4
Attwood, c. Wright, b. Douglas.....	2
Hopkins, c. Douglas, b. Wright.....	32
Yetman, c. Foster, b. Wright.....	16
Unwin, c. Gooderham, b. Wright.....	2
Smith, not out.....	4
Byes .....	5
Total .....	90

**S. A. C. vs. ROSEDALE C. C.**

This match on May 19th was a poor affair. The preliminary heats of the sports taking place the same afternoon, and the first eleven pitch not being available, very small scoring was the result. S. A. C. totalling 22, and Rosedale 36.



**S. A. C. vs. ST. ALBAN'S C. C.**

Played on the College grounds on May 22nd, and resulting in a win for St. Alban's by 5 runs. S. A. C., 52 (McKenzie, 13); St. Alban's, 57.

**S. A. C. vs. OLD BOYS**

Played on May 24th, and after a pleasant game resulting in an easy win for the present boys by 78 runs. The chief features of the match were the grand not out innings of 54 by Wright, and the fine bowling of Douglas.

**S. A. C.**

Wright, not out.....	54
MacKenzie, run out.....	0
Foster, b. Saunders.....	0
Douglas, b. Saunders.....	0
Smith III., c. Crawford, b. Saunders.....	14
Gooderham II., b. Grant.....	17
Ferguson, l. b. w., b. Grant.....	0
Beatty, b. Grant.....	4
McTaggart, b. Grant.....	0
Frith I., run out.....	5
Clark, run out.....	0
Byes .....	15
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>109</b>

**OLD BOYS.**

Hope, c. Ferguson, b. Douglas.....	0
Grant, b. Douglas.....	7
Crawford, b. Douglas.....	11
Macdonald, c. Beatty, b. Smith.....	1
Saunders, b. Douglas.....	0
Allan, b. Douglas.....	4
Wishart, c. Ferguson, b. Douglas.....	5
Cotton, c. and b. Douglas.....	0
McArthur, c. MacKenzie, b. Smith.....	1

Kilgour, b. Douglas.....	0
Dr. Macdonald, not out.....	0
Byes .....	2
<hr/>	
Total .....	31

### ***S. A. C. vs. TRINITY UNIVERSITY***

Played on the College grounds on May 27th, and ending in favor of the College boys by 44 runs. MacKenzie gave another exhibition of careful cricket, as also did Foster, while Douglas and Smith shared the bowling honors.

#### **S. A. C.**

MacKenzie, stumped Beasely, b. Gordon.....	30
Smith III., b. Gordon.....	6
Frith I., b. Gordon.....	0
Ferguson, c. Rossaher, b. Gordon.....	3
Gooderham II., c. Rossaher, b. Storms.....	12
Foster, not out.....	19
Douglas, b. Storms.....	6
Waterous, b. Gordon.....	4
Clark, b. Gordon.....	2
Beatty, c. Rossaher, b. Storms.....	1
Smith II., c. Rossaher, b. Storms.....	0
Byes .....	7
<hr/>	
Total .....	90

#### **TRINITY UNIVERSITY.**

Cox, c. Foster, b. Smith.....	9
Spencer, b. Douglas.....	0
Morley, b. Douglas.....	2
Storms, b. Smith.....	2
Blyth, b. Douglas.....	0
Rossaher, b. Smith.....	5
Gordon, b. Smith.....	8
Beasely, b. Smith.....	0



Reed, c. and b. Douglas.....	2
Forneret, not out.....	8
Dawson, b. Douglas.....	0
Byes .....	10
<hr/>	
Total .....	46

### *S. A. C. vs. ST. PAUL'S C. C.*

---

This match took place on the College grounds on May 29th. The start for S. A. C. was most auspicious, the first wicket falling for 48 runs, but then a rot set in, the whole side being out for 78. Wright's unavoidable absence through illness was keenly felt.

#### S. A. C.

Smith III., c. Campbell, b. Parker.....	30
MacKenzie, c. Robb, b. Humphrey.....	21
Foster, b. Dalton.....	1
Gooderham II., b. Dalton.....	0
Ferguson, l. b. w., b. Dalton.....	5
Beatty, b. Humphrey.....	0
Douglas, c. Walcott, b. Humphrey.....	0
Frith, b. Dalton.....	0
Smith II., b. Humphrey.....	0
Clark, b. Humphrey.....	0
Thompson, not out.....	0
Byes .....	21
<hr/>	
Total .....	78

#### ST. PAUL'S C. C.

Morine, c. Thompson, b. Douglas.....	8
Millichamp, b. Smith III.....	0
Dalton, C., c. Smith III., b. Douglas.....	10
Parker, b. Smith.....	20
McCaffrey, not out.....	50
Robb, not out.....	14
Dalton, A., did not bat .....	
Walcott, did not bat.....	

Humphrey, did not bat.....	
Spencer, did not bat.....	
Baines, did not bat.....	
Byes .....	9
<hr/>	
Total (for 4 wickets).....	111

### ***S. A. C. vs. TORONTO UNIVERSITY***

On 31st May 'Varsity defeated the College by 106 to 62. S. A. C. were weakened by the absence of some of the regular team. J. S. Beatty, Scott and McPherson batted well for Toronto, while Fergusson carried off the honors for St. Andrew's.

#### **S. A. C.**

Smith III., b. Greene.....	7
McKenzie, l.b.w., b. P. Beatty .....	9
Fergusson, c. Beatty, b. Beatty.....	14
Gooderham, st. Beatty, b. Greene.....	0
Douglas, c. Scott, b. Greene.....	6
Smith II., b. Beatty.....	8
Thompson IV., b. Beatty.....	0
Beatty, b. Beatty .....	5
Lovell, not out.....	6
Clarke, b. McPherson.....	2
McPherson II., b. Cory.....	0
Byes .....	5
<hr/>	
Total .....	62

#### **TORONTO.**

J. S. Beatty, c. Lovell, b. Douglas.....	33
Scott, c. Gooderham, b. McPherson.....	19
Davidson, b. Douglas.....	12
P. Beatty, b. McKenzie.....	1
McPherson, run out.....	16
Cory, c. Beatty, b. Douglas .....	8
Greene, G., b. McKenzie.....	4
Greene, R. L., b. McKenzie.....	0



Fergusson, b. Douglas.....	10
Brown, S. H., not out.....	0
Byes .....	3
Total .....	106

### *S. A. C. vs. T. C. S.*

St. Andrew's played their first school match on June 5th at Port Hope. The game resulted in a very one-sided contest, for which the bowling of Conyers and Rhodes was largely responsible. The feature of the game was the batting of Rhodes, who had 35 to his credit, and of Maynard, Dempster II., and Conyers I. For S. A. C. Douglas did the best bowling with 8 wickets for 46.

#### S. A. C. (1st Innings.)

McKenzie, b. Conyers II.....	5
Smith III., run out.....	5
Foster, b. Conyers II.....	0
Fergusson, c. Laing, b. Rhodes.....	5
Gooderham, b. Conyers II.....	2
McPherson, c. Conyers, b. Rhodes.....	6
Douglas, c. Campbell, b. Rhodes.....	1
Smith, H., l.b.w., b Conyers II. ....	0
Beaty, b. Rhodes.....	2
Waterous, b. Rhodes.....	1
Frith, not out.....	2
Byes .....	4
Total .....	33

#### T. C. S.

Dempster II., b. Douglas.....	16
Rhodes, c. Waterous, b. McPherson.....	35
Conyers I., c. Beaty, b. Douglas.....	14
Conyers II., b. Douglas.....	8
Campbell, b. Douglas.....	4
Maynard, b. Douglas.....	18
Dempster I., b. Douglas .....	12

Laing, b. McPherson.....	10
Martin, not out.....	8
Pearce, c. and b. Douglas.....	0
Reid, b. Douglas.....	0
Byes .....	3
<hr/>	
Total .....	128

## S. A. C. (2nd Innings.)


McKenzie, c. Laing, b. Rhodes.....	5
Smith III., c. Laing, b. Rhodes.....	2
Fergusson, l.b.w., b. Rhodes.....	2
Gooderham, b. Conyers II.....	0
Foster, c. Martin, b. Conyers II.....	6
Douglas, b. Rhodes.....	2
Frith, b. Conyers II.....	5
Beaty, b. Dempster.....	8
McPherson, c. Martin, b. Rhodes.....	0
Waterous, l.b.w., b. Rhodes.....	4
Smith II., not out.....	3
Byes .....	2
No balls .....	2
<hr/>	
Total .....	41

Owing to the REVIEW going to press before the close of the cricket season it is impossible to give accounts of the Ridley and Upper Canada games.



### **THE SECOND ELEVEN**

---

HE second cricket team played its first match on May 15th, when they defeated the Friends by twelve runs.

The next three matches proved rather unsuccessful, but the tables were turned when they defeated the Masters by thirty-three runs.


Their next match was against T. C. S.'s Seconds. The match took place on June 5th. At 11 o'clock the game started. T. C. S. won the toss and went in to bat first, but our fielders and bowling made short work of them, putting them out for thirty runs. S. A. C. then went in, and when stumps were drawn for lunch they had 21 runs up for only 6 wickets. At one forty-five the game was resumed, S. A. C. remaining in for 39 runs, when Port Hope again took the bat, raising their score to 87. At the first of our second innings it looked as though College were to be shut out, 4 wickets falling for 12 runs. However, Evans and McTaggart made a good stand, which completely broke up their bowling. After that it was easy work for our team. The game was continued until we had made 50 more runs, winning from T. C. S. by 2 runs and 2 wickets.

LIGHTBOURNE.

All praise is due to Lightbourne for his great interest in the team, his unfailing enthusiasm, and his splendid play.—Ed.

### **LOWER SCHOOL CRICKET**

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HE Lower School was very successful this season in cricket, playing four games and winning them all.

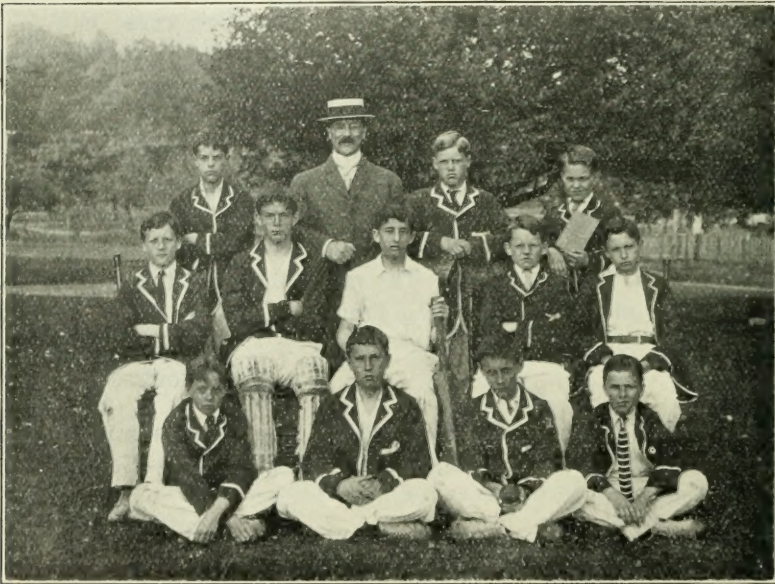
The first game was played against St. Alban's on Thursday, May 27. S. A. C. made 57 runs and St. Alban's 26. Vaz made top score for S. A. C. with 20 runs, and Wright came next with 12. Vaz got 6 wickets for 14 runs, and Wright 4 wickets for 12 runs. Jarvis got top score for St. Alban's with 7, not out.

The next game was against the Models on May 29. S. A. C. made a score of 21 and the Models 17. Vaz again made top score

with 7 runs, and Wright, as before, came next with 5. Wright got 4 wickets for 6 runs, and Vaz 4 wickets for 11 runs. Two men unfortunately got run out. For the Models, Nevitt got top score with 5 runs.

The third game was the return match with the Models. The match was played on June 3. S. A. C. made 41 runs for the loss of 2 wickets, and the Models 37. Vaz made 18, not out, and Paterson I, 10. Paterson I got 3 wickets for 12 runs, and Wright 4 wickets for 15. For the Models, Nevitt and McCulloch got 5 runs each.

The fourth and best victory of all was when the Lower School




beat U. C. C. The game was arranged for Saturday morning, June 5. S. A. C. made a good score of 50, and U. C. C. 27. The College fielding was excellent, Dymont and Bradley making the two best catches of the season. Vaz again made a top score of 18, and Stephens next with 9, not out. Wright got 4 wickets for 10 runs, and Vaz 4 wickets for 12. For U. C. C., Caldwell made 11, not out, and Anglis 6. Saunders got 5 wickets for 20 runs.

The team is as follows:—Vaz (Captain), Powell (Manager), Paterson I., Wright, Stephens, Alexander, Paterson II., Sykes, Dymont, Bradley, Yuille.



## *Miscellany.*

### **THE ASSAULT-AT-ARMS**

 ON the evening of March 26th the gymnasium team gave their annual exhibition before a large audience, which completely filled the gymnasium.

At eight o'clock the bugle sounded to usher in the Junior Leaders, who gave a very creditable performance on the German Horse. This was followed by an exhibition of fancy marching by



the boys of the preparatory and first forms, Pyramid Building by the Juniors, and Wand Exercises by Form III. A. The first gymnasium team appeared, and amid great applause went through their various stunts on the horizontal bar. Mr. Chapman led them and went through some difficult movements, which he concluded by a back flip from the bar. Then the Junior Leaders again came on and did some mat exercises and tumbling, which reflected great

credit on Mr. Clay, who had had charge of them throughout the term. The second gymnasium team—captained by Crawford—then went through some exercises on the parallel bars, followed by tumbling by the first team.

In the second part the performance was varied by some professional bag punching and tumbling. A fencing exhibition bout was then given, Delaplante winning from Martin I. The audience were very enthusiastic when Bollard, the College Lightweight Champion of '07, and Silver Medalist in the Amateur Wrestling Championships of Canada, '08, gave a clean and very fast exhibition of wrestling against Phillips, College Heavyweight Champion '07. This was followed by a very pretty performance with the gloves between Rutter, College Bantamweight Champion '06, and MacKeen I. Then Crowe I. and Kilmer crossed broad-swords in a fast exhibition bout. The juniors then came on and formed the letters A-N-D-Y on the gymnasium floor, and after they had given the College yell the lights were turned out. When they were turned on again the Seniors were seen to be representing the various forms of sport in tableau. The programme was concluded by the customary singing of "God Save the King."

The humorous part of the performance was given by Isaacs, assisted by Martin III, who extorted roars of laughter from the crowd.

After the guests had departed those who took part, with the exception of a few who were called to other duties, stayed and a flashlight photograph was taken of the group.

Great credit is due to Mr. Chapman, who has worked untiringly in his efforts to make this year's team the best that the school has ever had, and the Assault-at-Arms has proved this to be the case.

The first team was splendidly captained by Davison I., whose ability with the apparatus is known to all, and who deserves every compliment that can be given to him.

J. J. EVANS.

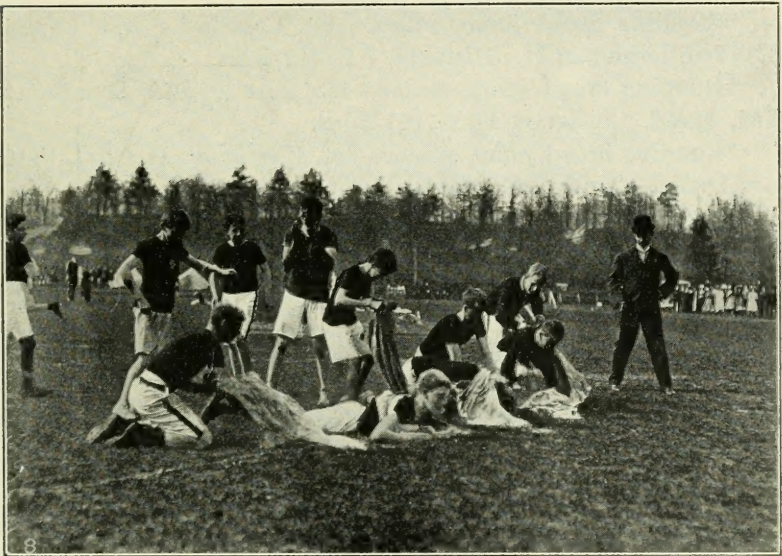


### THE ANNUAL GAMES

**T**HE Ninth Annual Athletic Meeting was held on the College grounds on Thursday, May 20th, and was in every way a decided success.

The event was favored with the most perfect weather that could be wished for, and the grounds, brilliant with ladies' dresses and the red blazers of the junior boys, made a very picturesque sight.

The attendance was quite large, there being slightly over a thousand, who were for the most part relations of the boys.



After the games Lady Clark very kindly presented the prizes and had a few gracious words to say to all who were called up to receive prizes.

Afterwards Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald entertained the visitors to afternoon tea, also an informal dance was held in the school.

The Senior Championship was won by Munro I. The Boarder's Championship by Skead. The Junior by Cassels I., and the Junior Boarders by Patterson I.

Following is list of events:

\*One mile, senior—1st, Skead; 2nd, Hamilton I.; 3rd, Bicknell.  
Time, 5 mins. 3 secs.

\*Half mile, senior—1st, Skead; 2nd, Matheson; 3rd, Stevenson. Time, 2 mins. 13 secs.

\*440 yards dash, senior—1st, Munro I.; 2nd, Hamilton I.; 3rd, Skead.

Cricket ball, senior—1st, Copeland; 2nd, Frith I.; 3rd, McGregor.

Cricket ball, junior—1st, Patterson I.; 2nd, Leishman; 3rd, Marsh.

\*High jump, junior—1st, Carlyle II.; 2nd, Cassels I.; 3rd, Leishman. Height, 4 ft. 3 1-2 ins.

\*Standing broad jump, senior—1st, Ross I.; 2nd, Munro I.; 3rd, Hamilton I. Distance, 9 ft. 1 1-2 ins.

\*Standing broad jump, junior—1st, Cassels I.; 2nd, Cameron II.; 3rd, Leishman II. Distance, 7 ft. 9 1-2 ins.

\*Running broad jump, senior—1st, Ross I.; 2nd, Hamilton I.; 3rd, Skead. Distance, 17 ft. 5 1-2 ins.

\*Running broad jump, junior—1st, Firstbrook II.; 2nd, Patterson I.; 3rd, Cameron II. Distance, 14 ft. 4 ins.

Putting shot—1st, Thompson; 2nd, Foster; 3rd, McGregor. Distance, 38 ft. 10 ins.

50 yards dash, preparatory form—1st, Rolph; 2nd, Hamilton II.; 3rd, Whitney. Time, 7.1 secs.

\*100 yards dash, senior—1st, Munro I.; 2nd, Hamilton I.; 3rd, Ross I. Time, 10.4 secs.

100 yards dash, under 13 years—1st, McLennan; 2nd, Boothe; 3rd, Patterson II. Time, 13.1 secs.

Three-legged race—1st, Skead and Frith I. Time, 7.2 secs.

\*220 yards dash, senior—1st, Munro I.; 2nd, Hamilton; 3rd, Ross I. Time, 25.2 secs.

Lower school handicap—1st, Rolph III.; 2nd, Whitney; 3rd, Bradley. Time, 13.2 secs.

\*100 yards dash, junior—1st, Cassels I.; 2nd, Firstbrook; 3rd, Patterson I. Time, 12.1 secs.

\*Hurdle race, senior—1st, Skead; 2nd, McKenzie; 3rd, Munro I. Time, 18.3 secs.

\*220 yards dash, junior—1st, Firstbrook; 2nd, Cassels I.; 3rd, Goodman. Time, 29.3 secs.

Sack race—1st, McKenzie; 2nd, Brown I.; 3rd, Findlay. Time, 13.4 secs.

Obstacle race—1st, Lowndes; 2nd, Auld; 3rd, McKeen II.



\*High jump, senior—1st, Hamilton I.; 2nd, Munro I.; 3rd, Ross I. Height, 5.2.

\*Hurdle race, junior—1st, Bradley; 2nd, Goodman; 3rd, Firstbrook. Time 19.4 secs.

Old boys' race—1st, Crawford; 2nd, Skinner; 3rd, Macdonald. 220 yards, under 17—1st, Bicknell; 2nd, MacKenzie; 3rd, Wilson. Time, 27.1 secs.

Consolation race, junior—1st, MacKeen II.; 2nd, Marsh; 3rd, Findlay. Time, 11.2 secs.

Consolation race, senior—1st, McGregor; 2nd, Large; 3rd, McLaughlin.

All events marked with asterisk count for Championship.

The officers of the day were:

Referee—Mr. N. A. Crow.

Starter—Mr. Chapman.

Timekeepers—Mr. Albert Gooderham, jr., Dr. Barton.

Measurers—Mr. C. S. Crawford, Mr. R. J. Grass.

Clerk of Course—N. Lorimer.

Judges—Mr. Fleming, Mr. Findlay, Mr. Savage, Mr. Macdonell, Mr. Tudball. H. E. M.

## THE ANNUAL TOURNAMENT

THE final events of the annual boxing, wrestling and fencing championships were held in the College gymnasium on Thursday and Friday, April 29th and 30th. The entries being numerous, it was found necessary to hold the wrestling on Friday.

Mr. J. F. Scholes had consented to act as referee of the boxing, but as he was unable to be present on Thursday Mr. Chapman took his place. Mr. Chapman also refereed the wrestling and fencing bouts. Mr. James acted as timekeeper.

The results of the bouts, which were well contested, were as follows:

### BOXING.

95-lb. Class C.—Aben dana II. vs. Carlyle II. Won by Carlyle.

105-lb. (Bantamweight)—Forbes vs. Greer. Won by Greer.

115-lb. (Featherweight)—MacKeen I. vs. McKenzie. Won by MacKeen.

125-lb. (Special Weight)—Rutter vs. Skead. Won by Skead.

135-lb. (Lightweight)—Wright vs. Kilmer. Won by Kilmer.

145-lb. (Welterweight)—Davison II. vs. Raymond II. Won by Davison.

158-lb. (Middleweight)—Waterous vs. Paisley. Won by Waterous.

College Championship—Bell II. vs. Waterous. Won by Waterous.

#### WRESTLING.

95-lb. Class C.—Abendana II. vs. Carlyle II. Won by Carlyle.

105-lb. (Bantamweight)—Munro II. vs. MacKeen II. Won by Munro.

115-lb. (Featherweight)—Firstbrook vs. McKenzie. Won by McKenzie.

125-lb. (Special Weight)—Abendana vs. McColl. Won by McColl.

135-lb. (Lightweight)—Matheson vs. Davison. Won by Davison.

145-lb. (Welterweight)—McKnight vs. Bollard. Won by Bollard.

College Championship—Phillips vs. Bollard. Won by Bollard.

#### FENCING.

Senior—Bell II. vs. Martin II. Won by Bell.

Junior—Yuile vs. Martin II. Won by Yuile. H. D. D.





### OLD BOYS

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THE complete absence of the requested news of Old Boys for this department leads its editor to take a fearful revenge—he will write himself. In the autumn REVIEW—perhaps from a desire to prevent the recurrence of editorial articles—the Old Boys' column will, it is to be hoped, fairly bristle with personalities.

#### CONCERNING SCHOOL SPIRIT.

From the time a boy goes in by the Preparatory School to the time he emerges at the sixth his very existence is sweetened or embittered by the cry of "school spirit." He hears it on all sides. One boy is extolled to the seventh heaven for the possession of an abundant quantity of the mysterious substance. Another lad is condemned to the limbo of the disgraced for being quite destitute of it. And yet with all our attention to the magic phrase "school spirit" our idea of what it means is tolerably vague. There are those who claim that a large outlay of money for college pennants and tin megaphones fulfils one's obligations to one's school. Others go a step higher and hold that a regular, punctual and sufficiently exuberant attendance at all school matches is real *esprit de corps*. Again there are some who show their loyalty by the liberal distribution of cadet corps buttons in the form of hat pins. These are undoubtedly most excellent things. But it must be obvious to everybody that "college spirit" must lie deeper than such forms of enthusiasm would indicate. Otherwise—and this is dangerously near a sermon—how could there be such a thing as loyalty among the Old Boys? After a man can no longer appear in a blaze of school colors at a football match; after he can no longer indulge in protracted "hoot hoot" through a glittering funnel; after he can no longer gladden hearts with pieces of His Majesty's uniform—how is he to remember his school and pay the debt that every man should feel he owes her?

And now we come to the most painfully didactic part of this effort. If a schoolboy's ardour for his school is to last when he leaves it there must be a feeling in him that is quieter, deeper and more spontaneous than such exuberance as our organized yelling. English public school men are supposed to feel that they owe a debt to their school that they can never possibly repay. Here, we

are apt to feel that all things are made even by the payment of the fees to the Old Boys' Associations—and these, I may add, are generally sadly in arrears. Perhaps this may be a result of that system of over-organization with which all institutions in America are burdened. It is almost a platitude that that college which has the most obvious *esprit de corps* is generally the most woefully deficient in the real thing. College poster-girls are often ravishing creatures to look upon, college pennants make an excellent wall decoration, college songs—if sung in one key—pass time admirably, but these things may be quite independent of a worthy affection for a school. When these “outward and visible signs” have nothing behind them the school is degraded into a mere subject for verse and an excuse for a song. “College spirit” becomes a mere phrase in our erratic development. “Because it had no root it withered away.”

C. V. M.



OFFICERS OF ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, 1908-09.



### THE CADET CORPS

---

**U**NDER the instructorship of Sergeant Glover, of the R. C. R., the Cadet Corps of 1908-09 completed one of the most successful years since its existence. The boys showed great interest in the work and splendid results were obtained. This year's company is the largest of any, so far, numbering seventy-five in all.

Last fall Lord Milner raised the Union Jack on the new flag pole while on a visit to Toronto. The Cadet Corps turned out in full strength. Little work was done last fall, owing to football.

On Sunday, May 2nd, the Cadet Corps turned out with the 48th Highlanders, to take part in the Garrison Church parade, and on Friday, May 21st, as a Guard of Honor to His Excellency. On the evening of the same day the Corps drilled with the 48th at the Armories. On this day, especially, the boys brought much credit on themselves for the splendid marching in the march-past.

On Friday, June the 4th, Colonel Galloway inspected the company. Before leaving he addressed the boys, saying that he did not see how in two years there could be such a vast improvement.

Captain Bowman's interest in the Cadet Corps has always kept it up to its high standard. As a result of the year's work the Cadet Corps, only, celebrated a half holiday.

The officers for the past years were:—Captain, Bowman; Lieutenants, Crowe I. and Bollard; Color-Sergeant, Burk; Sergeants, Gooderham I., Ross I., and Foster; Lance-Sergeant, Bell II.; Corporals, Hastings I., Waterous and Shook; Lance-Corporals, Thompson I., Matheson, Kilmer and Thompson IV.

M. S. G.

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### EXCHANGES

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**C**OLLEGE ECHOES, from Tientsin, China, with its quaint and interesting flavor, is always a welcome addition to our exchanges. The high moral tone of this excellent little paper is something to admire. In its distant and difficult field of missionary labor, *College Echoes* must be a high influence on the side of goodness and truth. "My Pictures" in the March number is well-written and very attractive.

*Alt-Heidelberg*, with its kindly words of greeting and interesting items, is again accorded a welcome. In "A Little Bird Told Me," the writer cleverly presents a much-needed lesson and good common-sense.

*The Easterner*, Washington, D.C., is a neat little periodical. Its locals are bright and snappy.

*The University Monthly* is so full of good things that it is impossible to particularize.

*Tamarack*, from N. C. H. S., Spokane, is a well-printed and attractive paper, welcome as a new exchange.

*St. Margaret's Chronicle* is unusually interesting and full of bright things of interest to both present and past *régimes*. Its interest in the school's Old Girls is worthy of notice.

*Queen's University Journal* is, as usual, well-prepared, and abounds in interesting articles.

*Acta Victoriana* is the most-finished magazine on our exchange list. It has a quality and tone seldom found in college publications, and its illustrations are works of art.

*The Magnet* is interesting, but somewhat too local in its make-up.

*The McMaster University Monthly* is rich in clever sketches, verse and college gossip. "This Love of Ours," by A. Eustace Haydon, is worthy of notice.

"*Lasell Leaves*" is most artistic in style and interesting in its reading matter. It is most delightful the way this school keeps in touch with pupils of many years ago—grandmothers and mothers who are still "girls" of their beloved institution—God bless 'em! This strong tie of friendship is too often allowed to become a mere passing sentiment, instead of one intimately connected with the life and progress of a school, and we might all take a leaf from *Lasell's Leaves* to our great and lasting advantage.



*The Record*, from St. Alban's School, Knoxville, Illinois, is a beautifully prepared little paper of excellent tone and interesting material. Our American cousins believe, evidently, that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. Good luck to you, friends!

*The Boone Review*, a thoroughly up-to-date and well-prepared magazine, is another welcome exchange from distant China. It is full of good things, has several interesting illustrations, and future numbers will be received with pleasure.

*The Calendar*, Buffalo, is again to the front with its clever stories and admirable bits of verse. Judging from its illustrations, this school possesses some pretty fine examples of the best type of American student—a combination of the intellectual and the athletic.

*The Iris*, from the Philadelphia High School for Girls, is a distinctly literary publication of high merit, and is most welcome to our list of exchanges.

*The Black and Red*, from Victoria, and *Lux Columbiana*, from New Westminster, bring with them a breath of Western air that is sweet to the editorial nostrils—ever welcome on our exchange table.

*The Boys' Club Booster* is a breezy little publication full of out-door interest and refreshing summer doings in camp.

H. B.

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### CRIBBED FROM THE EXCHANGES

---

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME.



H! don't believe the tales you hear, it makes life dark and chill,

Don't be so ready to believe that friends have spoken ill,  
And do insist on getting all your facts first-hand; instead  
Of hearkening to tales of what "folks say your friends have said."  
Don't listen to the little bird, for everybody knows,  
'Tis he who starts the ugly tale that grows and grows and grows.

I've learnt to be distrustful and have learnt to turn away  
From horrid little stories that begin with "Oh, they say."  
I've learnt the lesson hardly, and you've got to learn it, too,  
For experience has taught me what she will be teaching you,  
That little birds make mischief, and beneath your very nose  
A false report is started, and it grows, it grows, it grows.

So very free of malice was an innocent remark  
That afterwards came back to us so ominous and dark.  
A little turn, a little twist, and truth became a lie,  
Suspicion raised its head, and then the closest friends grew shy.  
The little bird got whispering, and so the mischief rose;  
And once a little tale begins, it grows, it grows, it grows.

For instance; some one spoke about a member of this School,  
And chanced to say approvingly: "That fellow is no fool."  
A week scarce passed this rumour reached that friend's offended  
ear:

"Your name was mentioned, coupled with the name of fool, my  
dear."

That wretched little bird again, as you may well suppose,  
And once a tale is started, why, it grows and grows and grows.

Another instance let me give. A youth admired a maid,  
And paid her slight attentions very innocent and staid.  
Within eight days some tongues had talked, fussed, screamed,  
engaged the two,

Yes, soon the poor unfortunates were all but married, too!  
It was, of course, that bird again; and so the mischief rose,  
Ah! so the little tale begins that grows and grows and grows.

A hundred illustrations more, I could unfold them here,  
But why insist upon the truth that stands out very clear  
Each one has suffered in his turn, and each will smart again,  
And there will be no lessening, no end to all the pain,  
So long as birds get whispering of what they think they know,  
So long as little tales get spread that grow, and grow, and grow.

A. F. F. in *Alt-Heidelberg*.



## THE VICTORY.

To try—to fail—and then begin again  
The fight of life;  
To fail—but aye, through tears of blood perceive  
The flag—dazed, heed the bugle call;  
To scorn each fresh defeat and, staggering, leave  
The field, resolved not yet to fall;  
To staunch the flow of blood, forget the strife  
Has been in vain, ignore the dust and pain;  
To lose thus nobly is to gain  
Life's crowning victory.

—*Acta Victoriana.*

Judge—What is your age, madam?

Aged Witness—I've seen thirty-two summers.

Judge—How long have you been blind?

“I am all run down,” wheezed the clock.

“But you look all right in the face,” replied the sundial.

“You would be a good dancer only for two things.”

“What are they?”

“Your feet.”

Percy—Johnnie, I'll give you a quarter if you get me a lock of your sister's hair.

Johnnie—Gimme a dollar and I'll give you the whole thing.

“Fired again?”

“No, I resigned this time.”

“What for?”

“Because the boss wouldn't take back what he said.”

“What did he say?”

“Said I was discharged.”

Stude—Did you buy that rug from my landlady?

Pinochle (indignantly)—No, she gave me a dime and told me to beat it.—*Cornell Widow.*

## HE ENJOYED THE REST OF THE GAME.

"Now, that is what is known as a safe hit," volunteered the escort, "and entitles the runner to take his place on the second base."

"Yes," responded the damsel, "and if that duffer had the base-running ability of an ice wagon he'd have stretched that bingle into a three-bagger."

"Bella never passes a mirror without looking in."

"Brave girl."

## COLOR ON STUDY.

Mother (viciously scrubbing her small boy's face with soap and water)—Johnny, didn't I tell you never to blacken your face with burnt cork again? Here I have been scrubbing half an hour and it won't come off.

Boy (between gulps)—I—ouch!—ain't your little boy—ouch! I's Mose, de colored lady's boy.

## HE KNEW HER.

Book Agent—I'd like a few words with your wife, if you please.

Mr. Henpeck—So would I occasionally, but I have never been able to hold her down to less than about a couple of hundred a minute.

To his wife said a person named Brown:

"My dear, there's a caller from town."

"Wait!" she cried, in distress,

"Till I slip on a dress."

But she slipped on the stairs and came down.

"That's it!" exclaimed Mrs. Bascom, at the concert, as the singers came out again in response to an encore. "Make 'em do it over again until they get the thing right."

The star pupil arose at the school entertainment to declaim his piece. "Lend me your ears," he bawled. "Ha!" sneered the mother of the opposing but defeated pupil, "that's Sarah Jane Bagg's boy. He wouldn't be his mother's son if he didn't want to borrow something."—*Ex.*



First Little Girl—Do you use slang?

Second Little Girl—Nit! My maw would biff me on the beak if I ever made a stab at any dope like that, Kid.

STUNG.

She (in a friendly tone)—By the way, are you going to take supper anywhere to-morrow evening?

He (eagerly)—Why, no; not that I know of.

She (serenely)—My! won't you be hungry the next morning.  
—*Ex.*

DUPLI-KATE.

There was a young lady named Pearl,  
Who had fallen in love with an earl;  
But, thanks to his mother,  
His aunts, and his brother,

Nothing came of it, and shortly after she married a very decent young fellow in the Treasury Department.

A DAMP RETORT.

Freshman—Will you throw me a glass of water, please?

Senior (at the head of the table)—I'm not a water pitcher, thank you.—*College Index.*

Latin hour is drawing near;  
Do not worry, do not fear;  
If you feel that flunk you must,  
Grip your desk, recite or bust!

IN NEW YORK.

Hotel Clerk—Do you want a room with a bath?

Uncle Hiram—Waal, no-o; I don't calculate I'll be here Saturday night.—*Princeton Tiger.*

The lightning bug is brilliant,  
But he has a feeble mind;  
He flutters through the murky night,  
With his head-light on behind.

—*Torontonensis.*

The year had gloomily begun  
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's

Sun.

He was beset with bill and dun,  
And he had very little

Mon.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues;  
I have nothing here but ones and

Tues.

A bright thought struck him, and he said,  
"The rich Miss Goldrock I will

Wed."

But when he paid his court to her  
She lisped, but firmly said, "No,"

Thur."

"Alas," said he, "then I must die."  
His soul went where they say souls

Fri.

They found his gloves, and coat and hat,  
The coroner upon them

Sat.—*Ex.*

#### BEYOND.

Beyond the sand, where wild sea birds are homing,  
A curving reach of sand that lines the bay;  
Beyond the sand, where wild sea birds are homing,  
The breakers' thundering roar—the reef-tossed spray.  
Beyond the breakers, where no eye can measure,  
A smiling rainbow and its pot of gold;  
Beyond the rainbow and its faery treasure,  
The Happy Isles are gleaming as of old.  
Beyond the islands, as the darkness closes,  
One tiny twinkling star shines bravely down—  
A gem that in the night's black hair reposes  
Above the filmy sable of her gown.  
Beyond the star, beyond the night—Ah me!  
What would the longing heart not give to see!

—*Harvard University Monthly.*

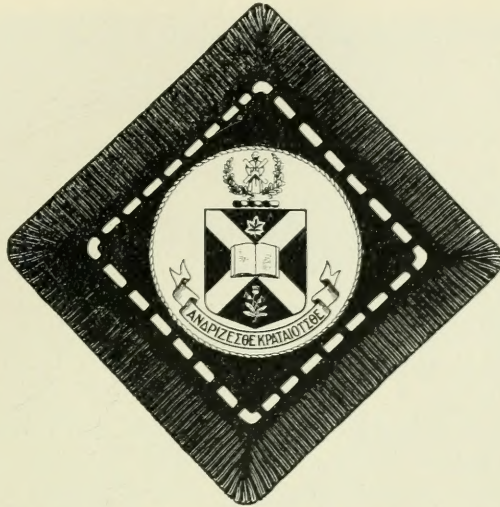


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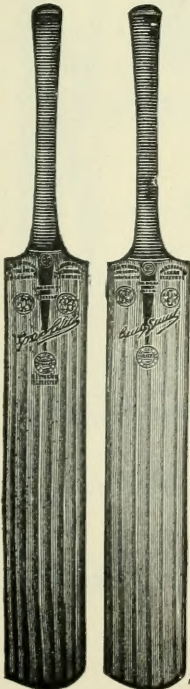


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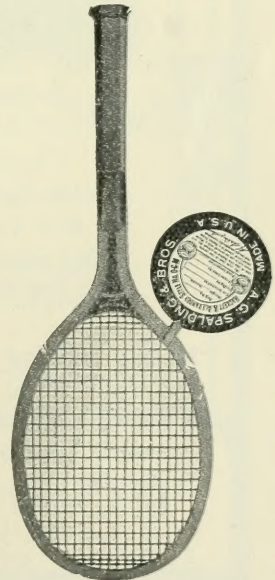
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## *Skits.*

---

C

 HUCK sat upon the bleacher seat,  
 The sun was broiling hot,  
 He looked with longing at the stand,  
 Then said, "I'd better not.  
 I'll keep ma siller in ma breesk,  
 Though I for it may roast,  
 'Twill cost me mair to sit up there—  
 I'll stay right here and toast."

Ike Ross (to bookmaker at the Woodbine): "Can you charge me a dollar on Pictime to win?"

Delaplante (coming up from the nurse): "Gee! she gave me a big dose of cannibal. No, I mean caramel.

Martin III.: "I guess you must mean calomel."

Delaplante: "Right! shoot-de-nickel."

Ike Ross (relating his Woodbine adventures): "Tokus had a good line of tips. He let me in on them and I only lost two bucks and my gate money the whole 'day. That's going some. Eh! fellows?"

Little bird, little bird, come to me,  
 I have a new roll-book all ready for thee.  
 The names are all written plainly enough,  
 So you won't have to work the "not-hearing bluff."

1st boy (talking about the shot-put): "Did Winnet win it?"  
 2nd boy: "Yes, Winnet went in it to win it, and Winnet won it."

Crowe (to Lieutenant-Colonel Galloway): "Yes, Sergeant."

At the cadet corps inspection everything was as steady as could be, except Hasting's jaw, which wagged steadily over a piece of GUM.



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**ORDERS FROM THE OLD WORLD**

Messrs. Frank Broderick & Co.,  
113 West King St., Toronto.

London, England, May 14, 1909

Dear Sirs,—

Herein I send you draft on Thomas Cook & Son for \$45.00 in settlement for the two suits of clothes you made for me. I wish to congratulate you on the style, fit, and workmanship, especially as your cutter had no opportunity to measure me, or try the suits on.

Yours very truly,  
Wm. Birkett.

Write for Samples & Measurement Chart

## FRANK BRODERICK & CO

DEPT. C • TORONTO • CANADA

Raymond I. (to Mr. T—r): "Well, I don't mind. I am going to quit to-morrow."

Mr. T—r: "Yes, yes, Raymond, we have heard that before."

Wilkes: "Yes, my mother was always very particular about my table manners."

Heard in Parry Sound: "Mel, will youse buy a War Cry?"

Poor Morty has been very sick. During a fit of wild delirium the nurse took his temperature and found it to be quite normal.

Oh, my! What lovely hats! Birdie's, Dutch's and Delaplante's!

Delaplante is following the ladies' styles in hats.

Torrance: "I nearly had the measles last night!"

Bell-boy (to Raymond I.): "You're wanted at the 'phone, sir."

Hastings I.: "Are you sure it's not for me?"

Hastings I. (to Raymond I.): "You're (W)right."

Delaplante (looking important, and flourishing a letter with an English stamp on it): "Yes, my people are in England. They are staying with some pope over there."

Cameron I. (producing a history at lunch): "I wish I lived in the land where there is six month's day."

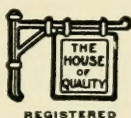
Delaplante's new straw hat even surpasses Crowe's new Panama.

J. G. ROSS,  
EXPERT TURF-ADVISER,  
Room 29, S. A. C.

Raymond I. (to bunch of admirers): "Well now, *out West*, etc., etc."

Hastings: "I've got a good face for a poker player."





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Ike Ross (returning from races): "I'll never take another tip from Seagram, he gave me a bum steer."

Master (to Skead): "How many kinds of triangles do you know of, Skead?"

Skead: "Well, sir! there is the quadrilateral triangle and the rectangular triangle."

Boy to Mr. Wilson: "Sir, will you show me a question in arithmetic?"

Mr. Wilson: "No, I have been asked not to help you with your arithmetic."

Boy (innocently): "It isn't hard, sir!"

Sheriff, to McKinley (referring to MacPherson I.): "Who is the red-headed guy?"

MacKenzie (to Mr. S—e): "Sir, what is a plane?"

Mr. S—e: "A plane is a plane surface. I can't make it any plainer."

Abendana II. (to Mr. T—1): "Sir, there is a conspiracy against me."

Mr. T—1: "Then I'll join the conspiracy and give you eight quarters."

Mel Phillips came from study late,

'Twas half-past 'leven or more,

He did not see a basin that was lying on the floor.

He tipped upon a roll of mats and fell into the drink,

With bubbling and gurgling he felt him sink, sink, sink.

He then breathed forth a silent prayer and struck out for the shore,

And, after a manful struggle, lay gasping on the floor.

We all thought that Hastings had a pretty good line of fish stories, but, alas for Hastings, "Hairbreadth Harry" from Lipton has arrived on the scene and threatens to ruin Walt's business.

Birdie (in prayers): "Please teacher, I can't read the roll."



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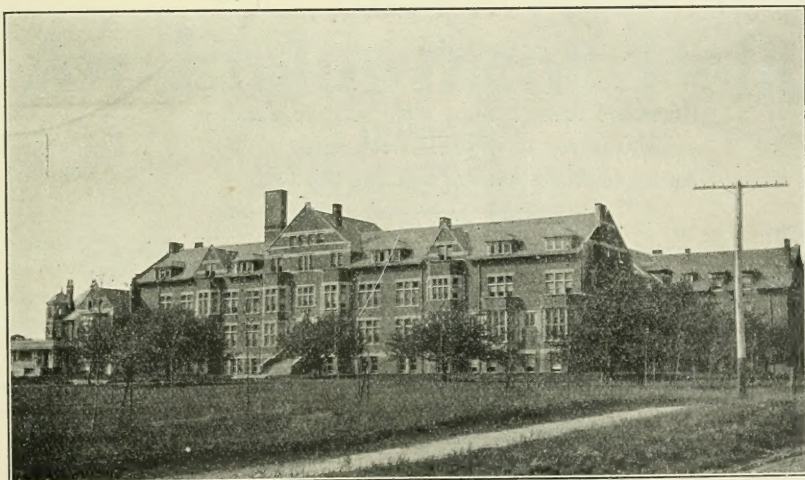
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Principal.

Raymond I.: "It isn't only my good looks that she likes me for."

Could there be any connection between the facts that DeYoung's have had a fire sale, and that Birdie has a new Panama?

Daddy Burk: "I don't mind sand and sticks in my gum, but when you fellows put in flies and hairs—Oh, you make me sick."

Delaplante (the erstwhile *interpreter*): "You inconnivance me greatly, you inconstiderate reektobate."

Sydney Smith: "It was a cinch down there Saturday. Why, I picked every winner and won a dollar."

Top flat master (to second flat boy): "Well, did you come up to see Crowe's hat?"

Room 23. Lunan—Little Nemo.

Bell and Kilmer—The Katzenjammer Kids.

The mosquitos are not bothering the boys much in study, but on Monday nights the clocks do.

---

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
 As he stubbed his toe against the bed,

" (———?) (———) ——."—*Ex.*



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Managing Director.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Mr. Taylor (hearing McPherson snapping fingers in study):  
 "Come in!"

Mr. T. to McKinley: "McKinley, you're a queer creature."

Mr. T. to McPherson II.: "McPherson, what are you doing in  
 your seat?"

McPherson: "Sitting down, sir!"

Waterous (on hearing that Galliher won championship at  
 U. C. C.): "Gee, wouldn't it have been an awful scrap if he had  
 hit me in the game?"

There was a cadet called Walter,  
 Who in drill made never a falter,  
 And while on parade,  
 He needed no aid,  
 For he chewed gum as he hadn't oughter.

Officer (inspecting cadets and seeing Stewie Thomson with but-  
 ton missing): "Capting, heahs a fellah hawf naked. Make him  
 a prisonah!"

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